

I missed.



Is you sure?  
The way you  
plays, you  
could of hit  
the bull's-eye.

No---  
wait---



As a gent'man I aint  
gone in-vite you to  
play an' then ree-fuse  
you the privilege. Go  
ahead, it's **your**  
turn.

It wasn't a  
complete miss---  
I got me in the  
busby.



Aw, gosh, gentlemen,  
I'm just a ordinary  
worker---I don't  
want to intrude  
myself into the  
company of---

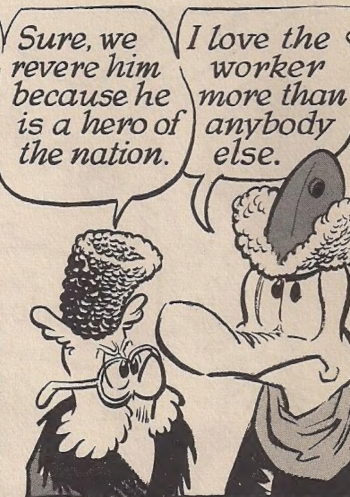
Non-  
sense!  
This is a  
democratic  
oleogarchy.



No, no, I just  
want to pull  
the sledge---  
pull the sledge  
an' retire to  
Siberia.

But you make  
us out to be  
segregationists.  
We love you  
just as if you  
were as good  
as us.

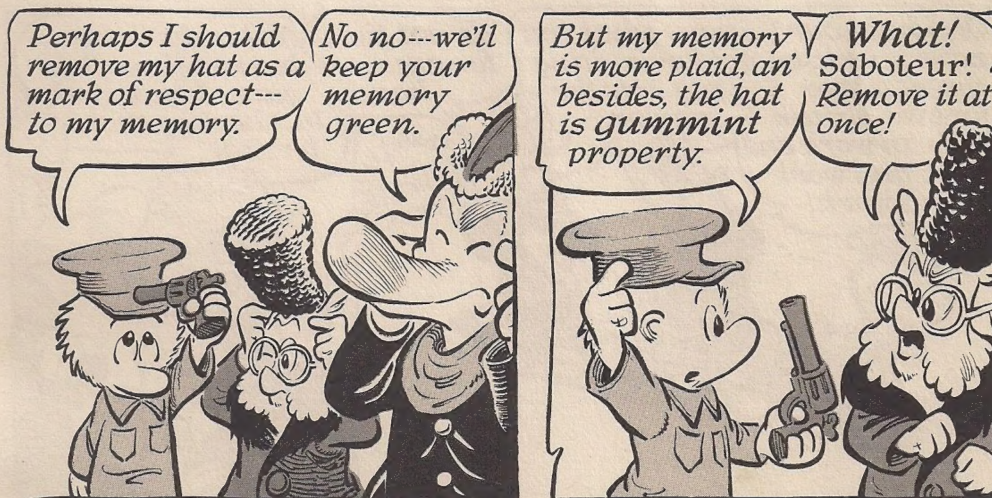
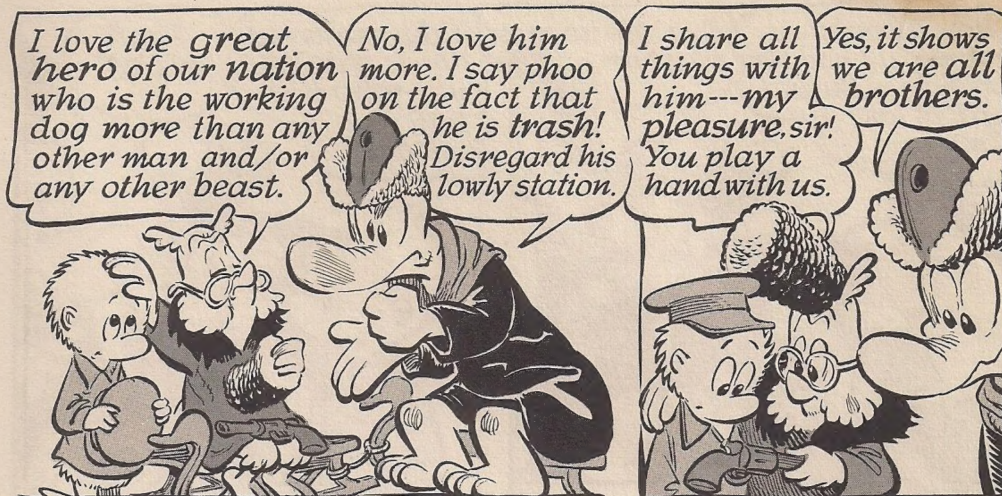
We don't care  
if you're ugly  
or stupid.



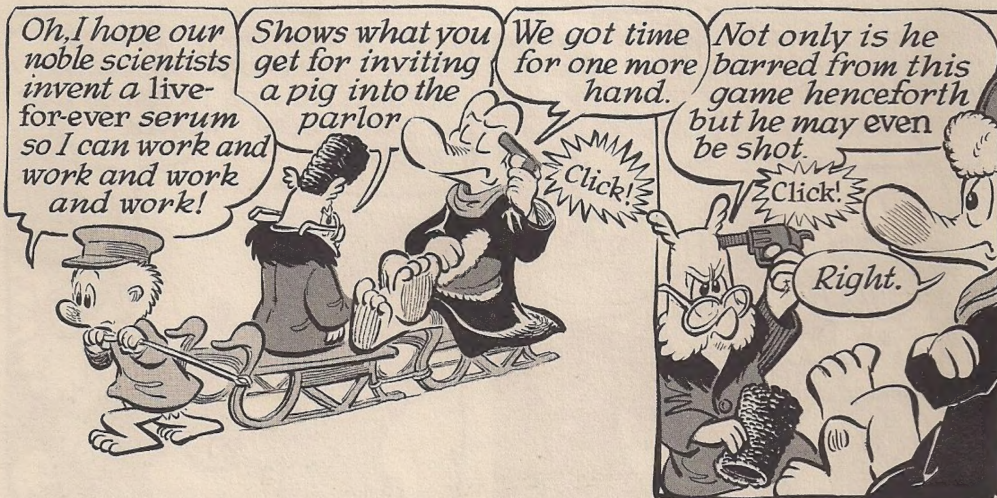
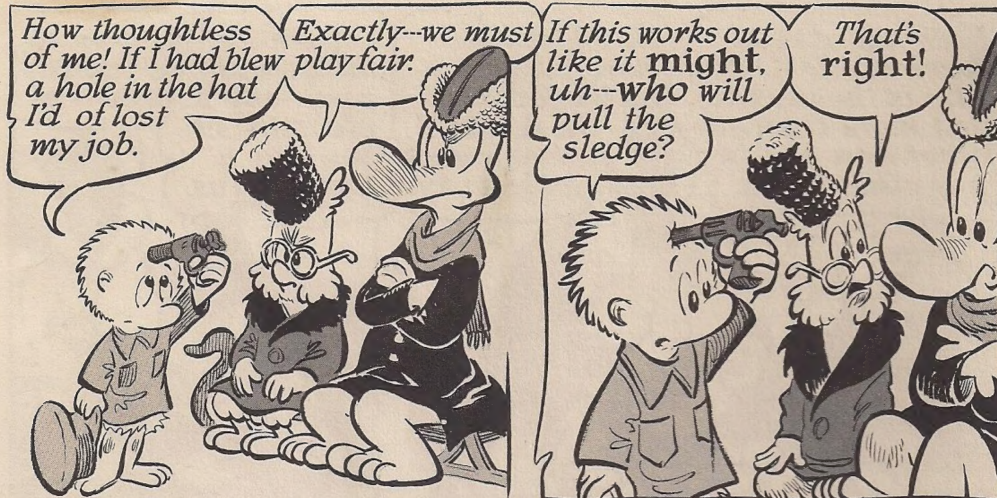
Sure, we  
revere him  
because he  
is a hero of  
the nation.

I love the  
worker  
more than  
anybody  
else.

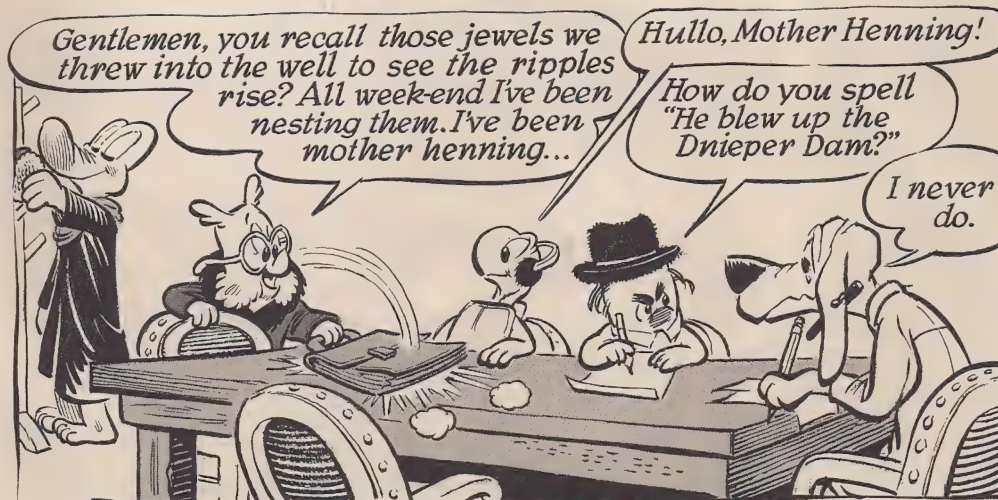
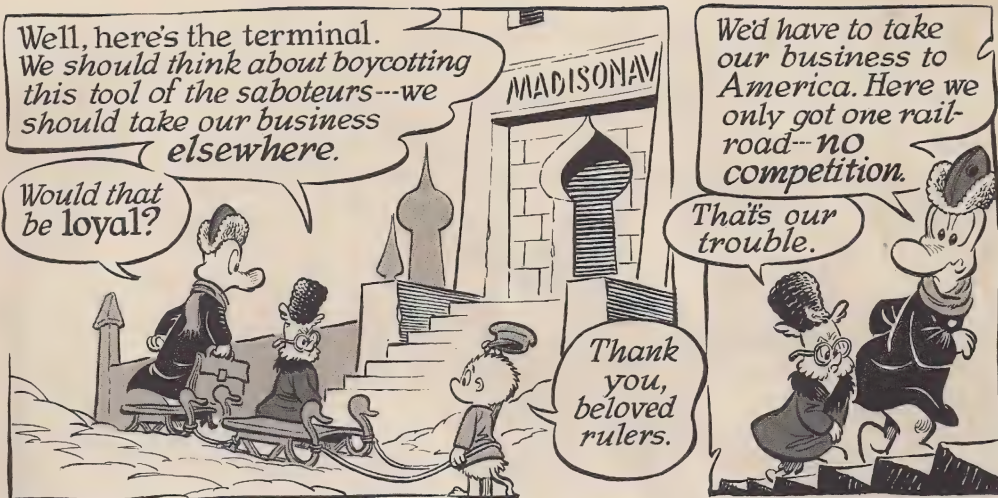




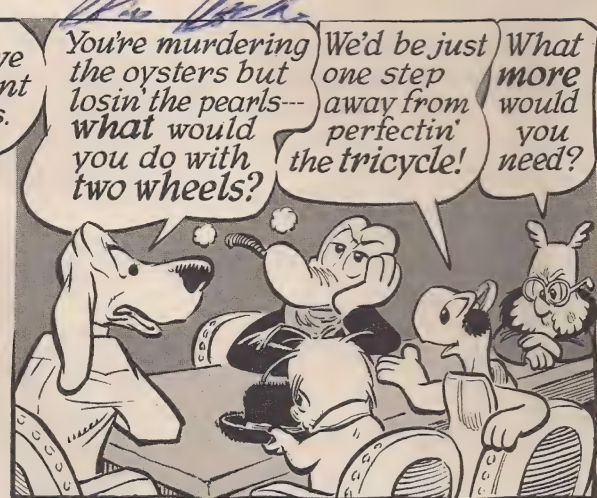
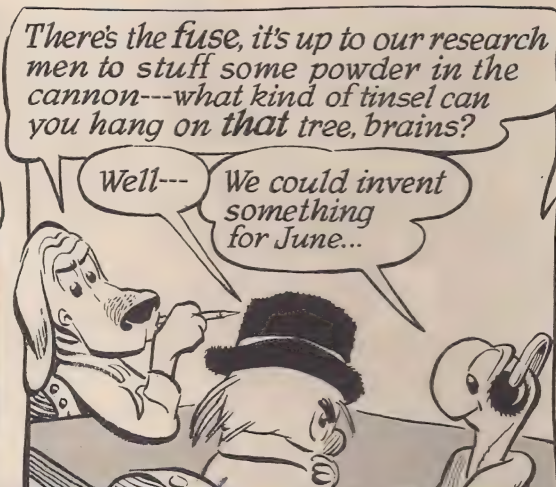
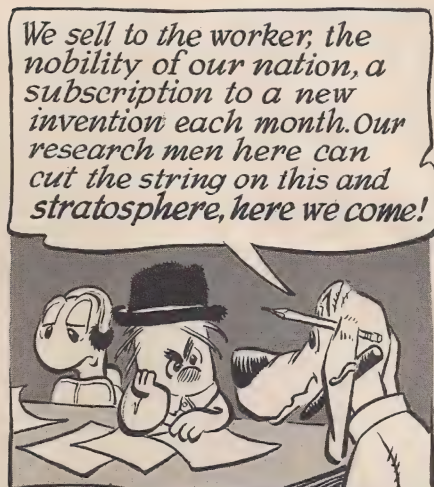
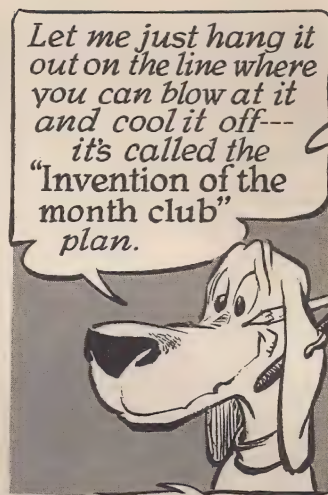
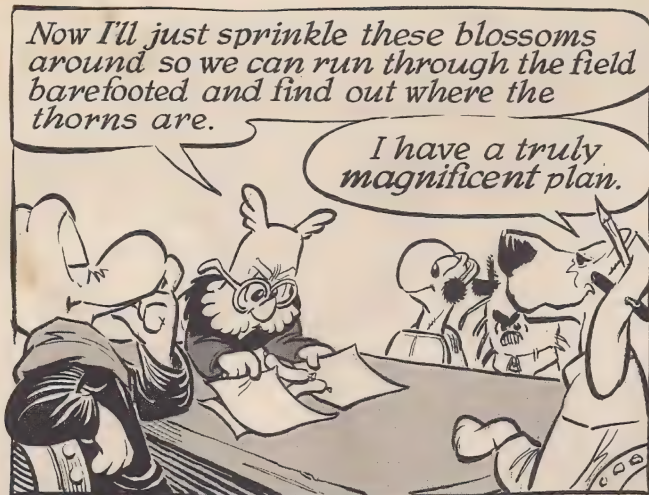






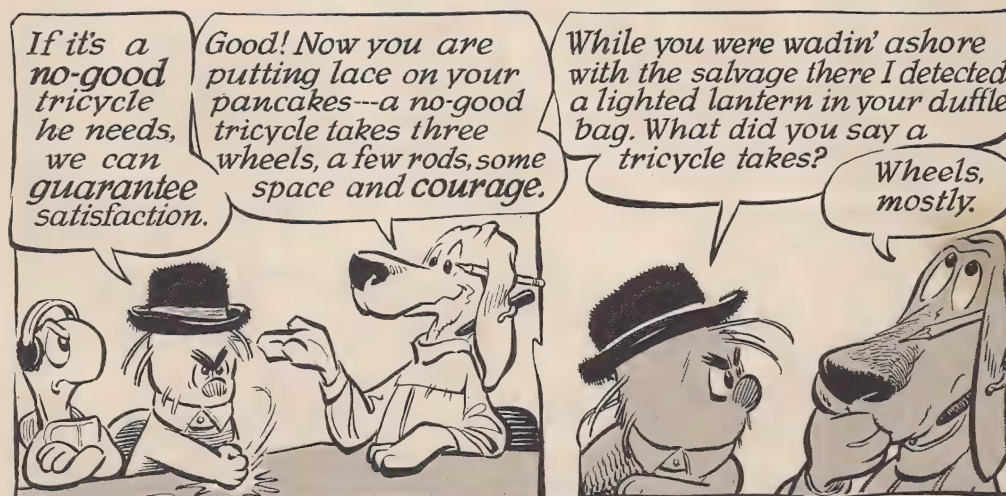
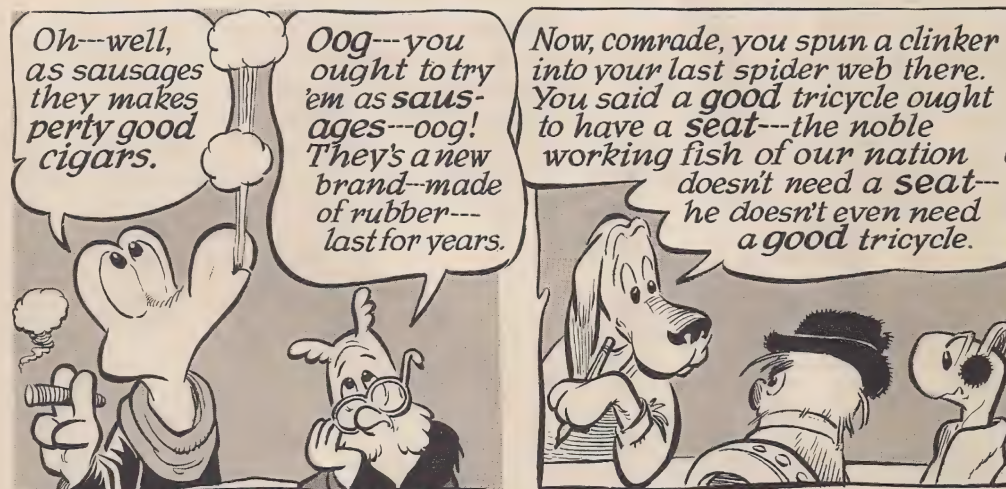
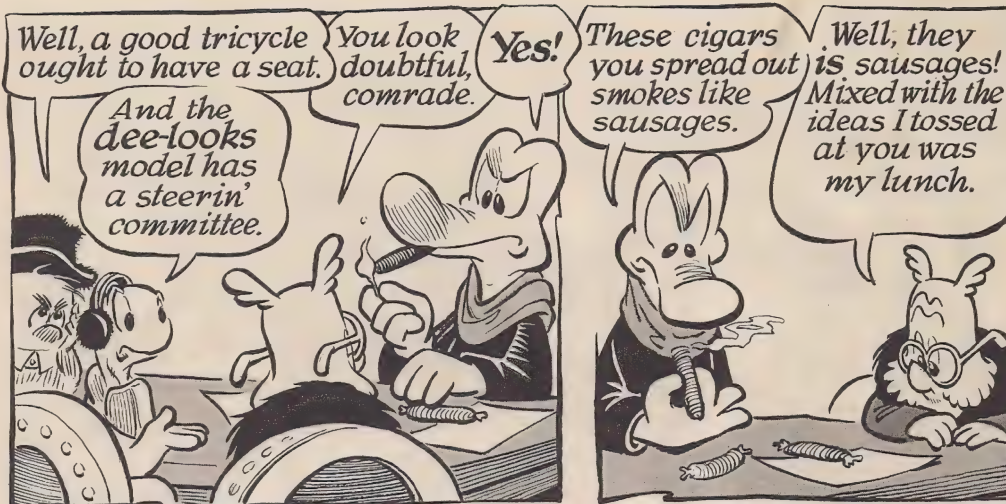




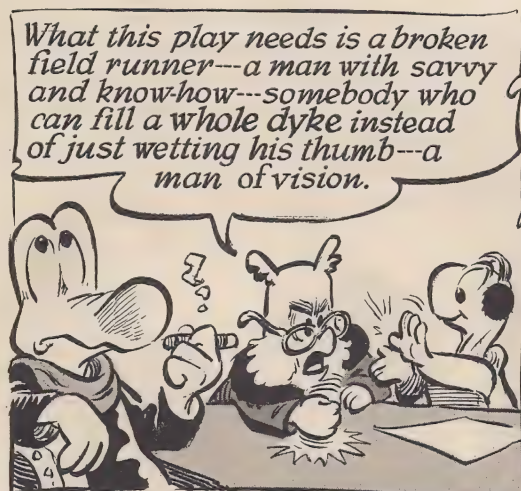
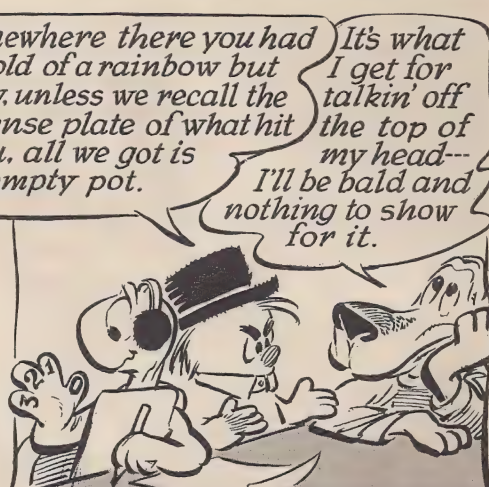
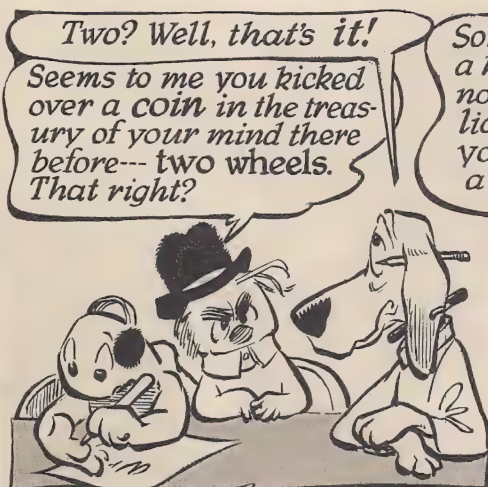


*Don Usher*



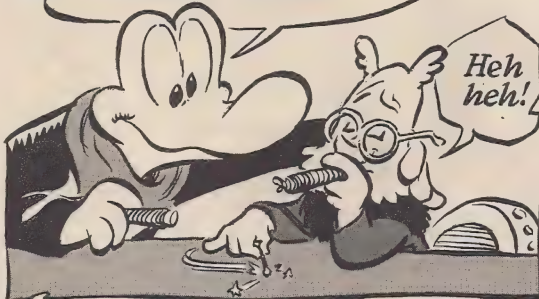






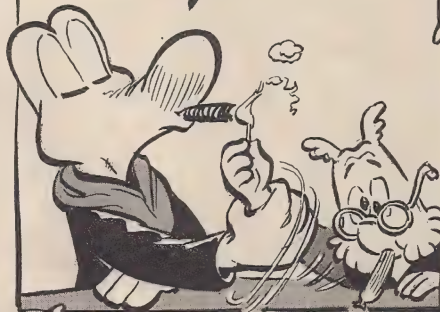


P.Z., you never been *righter*!  
You *know* how we all look to  
you to raise the shade when a  
idea goes past the window---  
an' this time, you really  
said it, kiddo!



Heh  
heh!

You is right as rain---I  
don't mean you---I means  
M-double E-I-E! Me!



First we need a slogan to get this  
two wheeled tricycle off the ground  
---a slogan like what made  
a household word of  
"Ekibastuzugol  
water---drink it  
and ha-ha!"



Ain't tricycles  
got three  
wheels?

Not 'til  
we invent them  
that way they  
don't.

Q.T., you work the warts off  
this bonanza---use P.V. to  
help---X.Y. and O.R. come  
with me. I got a idea what's  
too big for indoors.



Check, V.O.

Czech, I.Q.

SLAM!



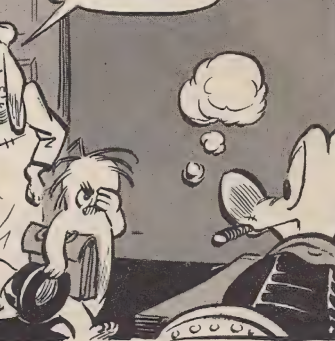
Are you  
thinkin'  
or sleepin'?

In  
betweenly.

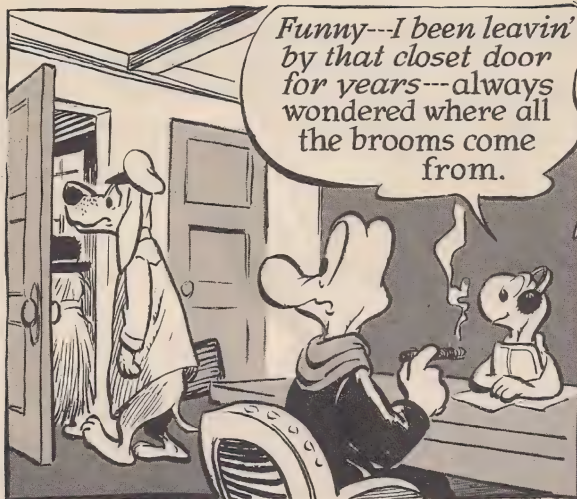
Why didn't you  
tell me that  
was a closet?



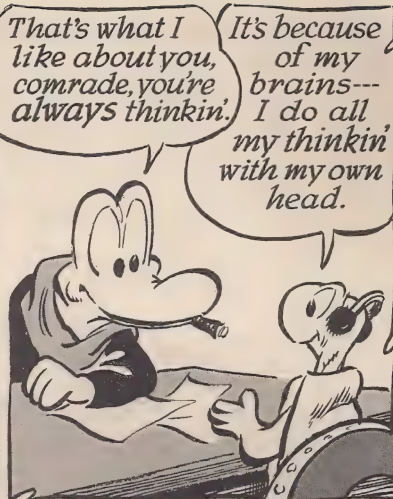
I'm sorry, N.T., I went  
out that way last night.  
I wondered why it was  
such a short trip  
home.





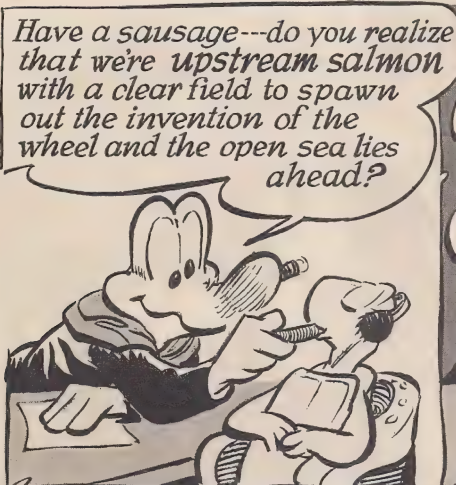


Funny---I been leavin' by that closet door for years---always wondered where all the brooms come from.

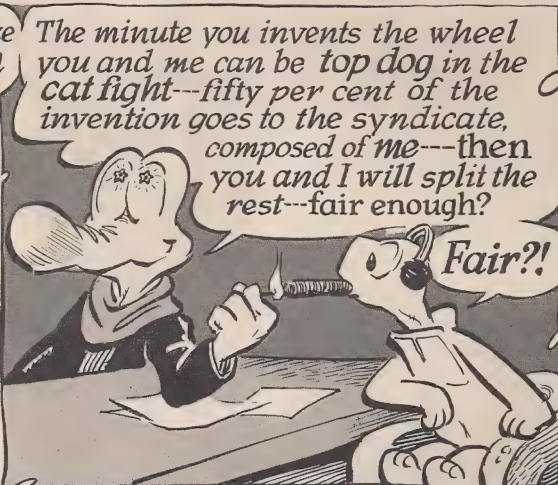


That's what I like about you, comrade, you're always thinkin'.

It's because of my brains--- I do all my thinkin' with my own head.

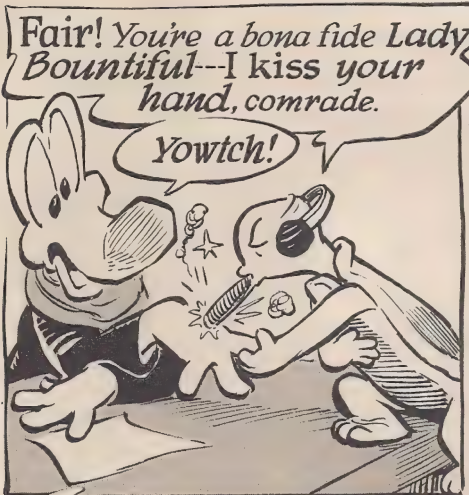


Have a sausage---do you realize that we're upstream salmon with a clear field to spawn out the invention of the wheel and the open sea lies ahead?



The minute you invents the wheel you and me can be top dog in the cat fight---fifty per cent of the invention goes to the syndicate, composed of me---then you and I will split the rest---fair enough?

Fair?!



Fair! You're a bona fide Lady Bountiful--I kiss your hand, comrade.

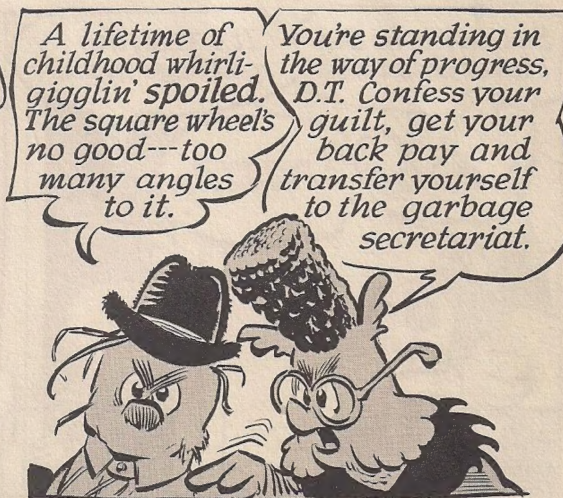
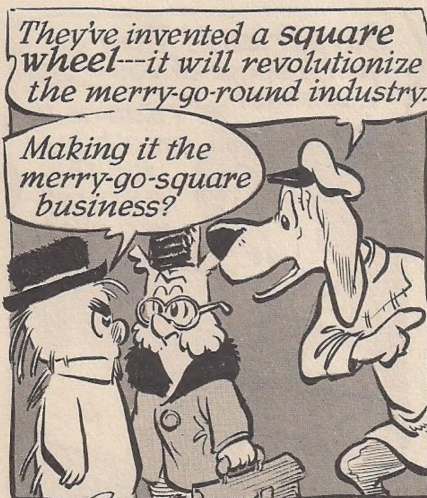
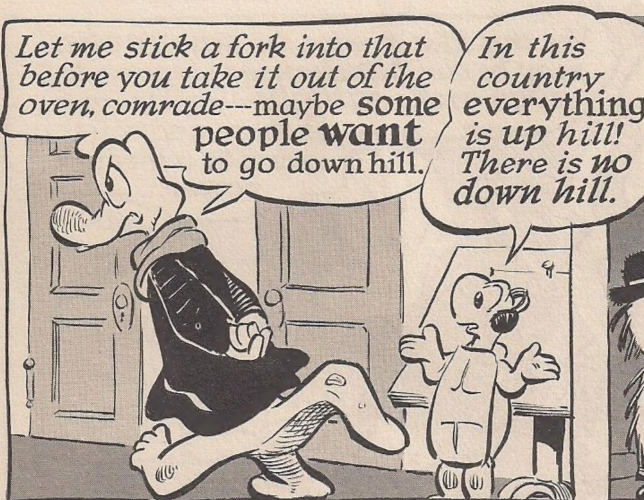
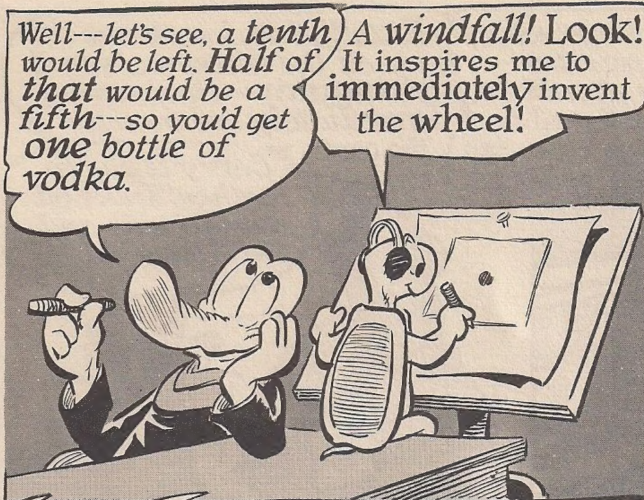
Yowtch!



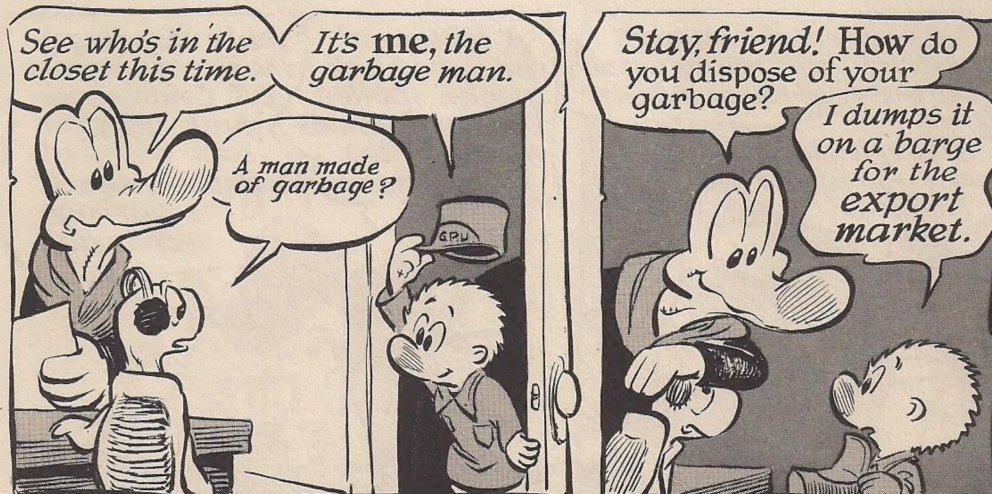
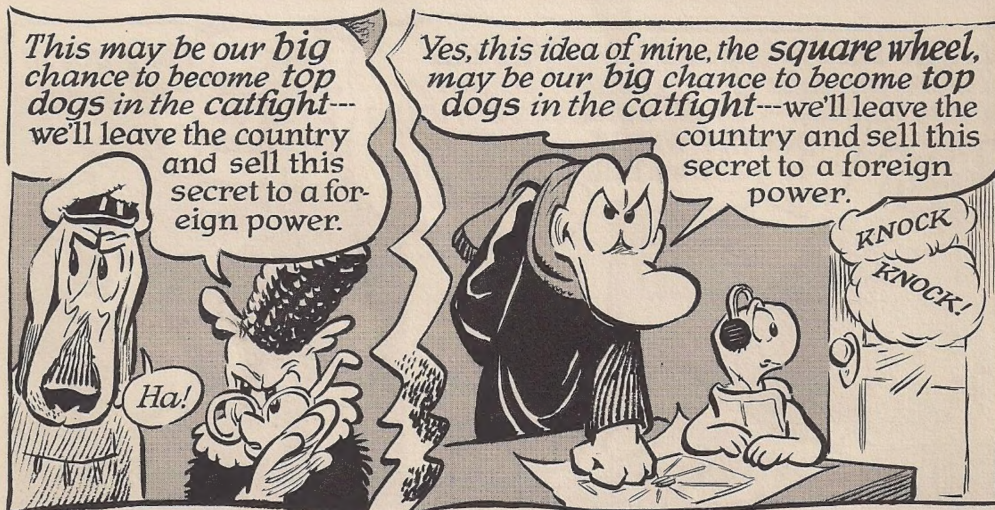
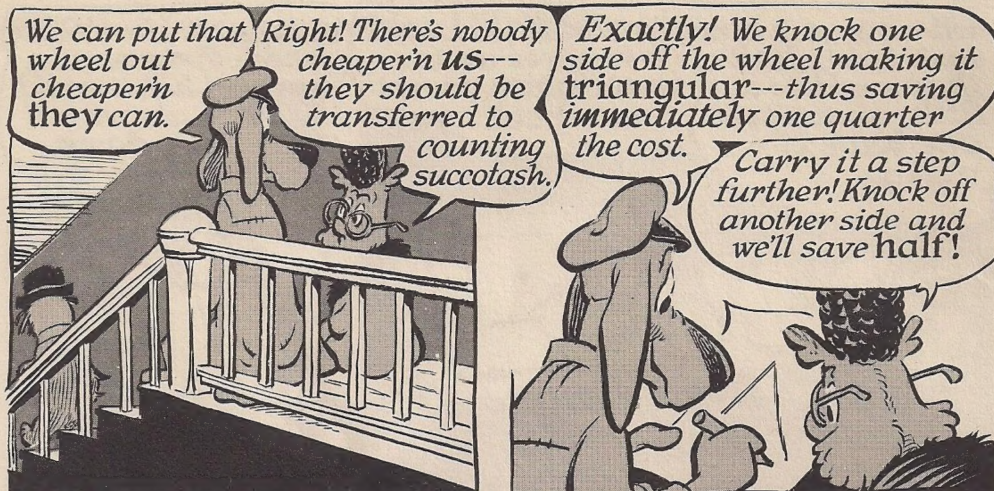
Next time take off your cigar!

Gosh---if the syndicate takes fifty per cent---an' we split the rest---I'll be rich! How much is left after the fifty per cent comes out?









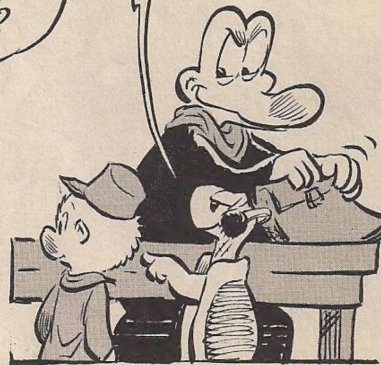
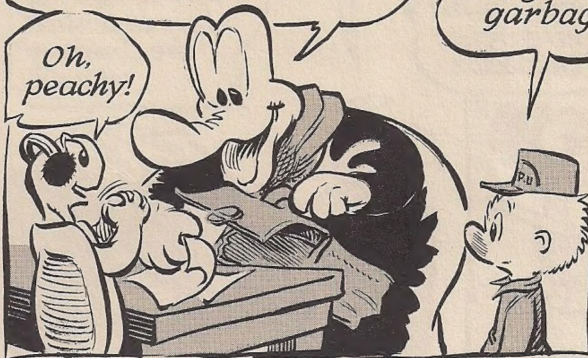


*This is it! Grab the plans---  
we'll smuggle ourselves  
into the garbage and be  
shipped abroad!*

*Oh,  
peachy!*

*If you don't  
mind, sirs,  
where is your  
regular  
garbage?*

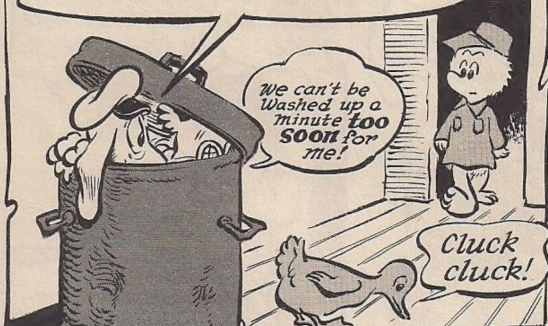
*In the hallway  
with the chickens.*



*Keep your head down or he might  
suspect something---the rubbish is  
shipped out of the country---we're  
practically washed up on the  
Weehawken shore now!*

*If you're a  
chicken, where's  
your comb?*

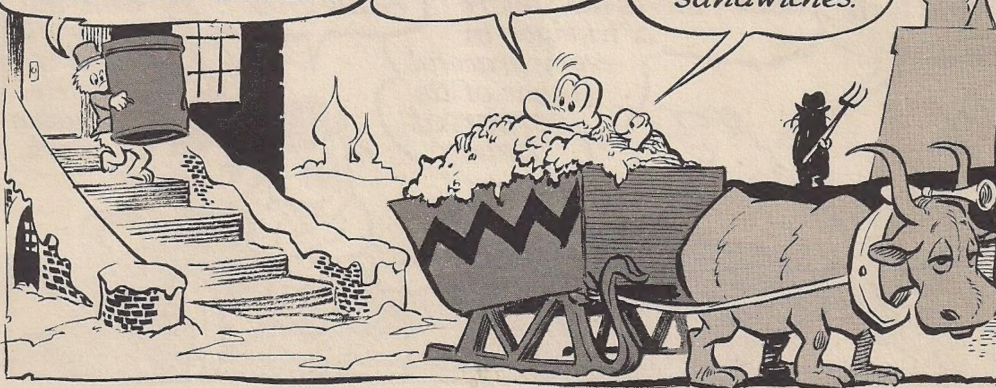
*I don't  
lend it to  
strangers.*



*Oh, Mamie minded Mama ♪  
'Til one day in Singapore  
A sailor man from Turkestan  
Came knockin' at the door.*

*Here he comes---  
hide! You got  
the plans?*

*Yes---they're  
wrapped  
around the  
sandwiches.*



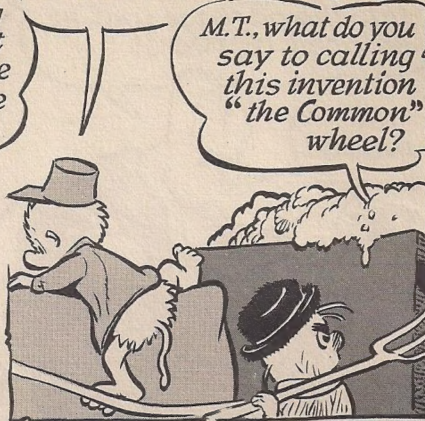


Howdodoo, sir, you look *sad*---  
you been down in the dumps?



Yes,  
everything  
there is just  
fine---I'm the  
new garbage  
inspector.

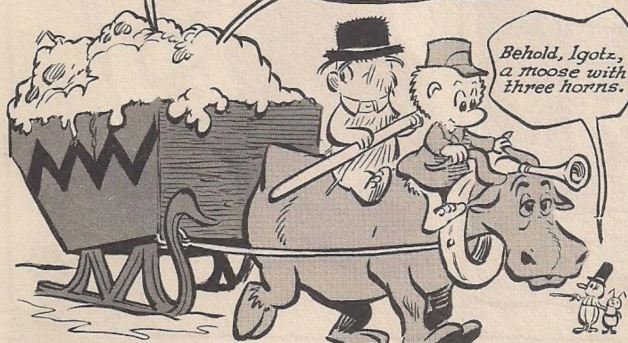
Good---climb aboard whilst  
I steers us to the barge.



M.T., what do you  
say to calling  
this invention  
"the Common"  
wheel?

"The commonwheel  
for the commonweal."  
A great slogan!

It's got its charm, R.S.,  
but it can't send its song.  
It sparkles but it don't  
blind the eye.



Behold, Igotz,  
a moose with  
three horns.

You hang  
around this  
stuff long  
enough and  
it seems to  
talk to  
you.

Yes--- all  
garbage ain't  
jus' plain  
garbage---I  
found a fine  
clarinet reed  
in there once.



Somebody in  
here got  
mighty  
cold feet!

This whole conception will  
be a ninety-story gold mine  
with a pent house on every  
floor---there's the fanfare  
of trumpets in  
every graceful  
finger of its  
corporeal  
being!

You spread  
stuff like this on  
a field an' thingsd  
really grow.

Yes, an' if you  
help pitch-  
fork it  
onto the  
barge you'll  
find it  
fairly  
amusing  
work.

